FAL. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale[2].

COLE. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

FAL. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

COLE. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

FAL. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND., and Others.

P. *JOHN.* The heat is past[3], follow no further now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit

[a] — and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.] But where is the wit or the logick of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus:

« — Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a *dale* deep enough*
---."

He may then justly infer,

[e] —"so shall you still be Colevile of the dale."
TYRWHITT.

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep;* a *dale* is a

deep place :
a *dungeon is* a deep place: he that is in a *dungeon*
may be there-
fore said to be In a *dale*. JOHNSON.

3 The HEART is past,] That is, the violence of resentment.
the eagerness of revenge. JOHNSON.